

THE MUSICAL WORLD,

A MAGAZINE OF
ESSAYS, CRITICAL AND PRACTICAL,
AND WEEKLY RECORD OF
Musical Science, Literature, and Intelligence.

“Ἡ μὲν ἁρμονία ἀόρατόν τι καὶ ἀσώματον,
καὶ πάγκαλόν τι καὶ θεῖόν ἐστιν.”

PLAT. *Phædo. sec. xxxvi.*

Music is a something viewless and incorporeal,
an all-gracious and a God-like thing.

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Now that Lent is drawing to a close, we may be allowed to express a hope that it will not again come round encumbered with those unjust, because partial restrictions, which have been used to be imposed on theatrical entertainments within the city of Westminster. That the custom of closing the theatres in this quarter of the town on the Wednesdays and Fridays during Lent, is one inflicting much injury on music, or indeed on the drama, we are not prepared to say; but this we may affirm, that it operates with serious injustice on the neediest class of musical and theatrical performers, and is, moreover, one of the absurdest and most useless regulations in existence. It has been disputed in parliament whether this practice has the authority of law, or only that of custom. One would, perhaps, rather guess it was *law*, since—law-like—it falls with most weight on the class least able to endure it. It seems, however, that it is only *custom**—a custom, forsooth, of the lord chamberlain, and that it has been kept up by this worthy officer of her majesty's household and his official predecessors on that choicest and most received principle of petty tyranny, which insists on cherishing the fantasticallest part of a prerogative, by way of placing the prerogative itself in the most striking and incontrovertible point of view; just in the same manner that some members of our aristocracy, who hold their lands in right of certain personal services anciently required by the sovereign, still, we believe, perform sundry mummeries once a year at court—unintelligible remainders of their former duty—to make good their right and title. The lord chamberlain probably feels that if he did not do something at once absurd and vexatious, annually, his proper influence would be in danger of being not remembered; and people from not remembering, would go to not believing, and even not allowing, that he possessed the unalienable right of public annoyance!

* The opinion of Sir James Scarlett, as cited by Mr. Duncombe.

We only regard this question as it affects a respectable class of public functionaries whose interests have as much right to be considered as those of her Majesty's ministers. "How would they (the ministers) like to have one-third of their salaries stopped," asked Mr. Duncombe, on introducing his motion on this subject, the other night, "merely because there was *no house*?" To the higher order of actors, as well as singers, the custom may be a comparatively trifling inconvenience; but to the poorer sort—to those in the rank of chorus-singers and *ripieni*—it is a cruel and a wanton injury; dependent on the theatre to which they are attached, they have no engagements elsewhere to look to, and a suspension of their pay at that theatre, is a suspension of all pay whatsoever. The "stars" are more fortunate, and less to be compassionated; to them a holiday makes no difference, and may even not be unacceptable; or, if the "stars" wont take a holiday, they have only to shoot over into another "house" (to use an astrologer's term), and, under new and portentous conjunctions, begin influencing the dramatic horoscope of the next parish. The poor subordinates, in fact, move according to the bidding of others; but

"STELLÆ—sponte suâ."^{*}

This, therefore, as they say in Parliament, is a "labourer's question," and we presume the labourer at the *fiddlestick* is as "worthy of his hire" as the labourer at the plough or any other sort of labourer; he is, indeed, only not sometimes so worthy as we could wish him, because not so well encouraged as we could wish, nor so well provided with occupation worthy of the art he represents. The same plaint is to be uttered of course, (but with "one groan more") on behalf of our unfortunate stage-singers, who do not want talent so much as they want—*something to sing*.

With reference to Mr. Duncombe's exertions for the removal of the restrictions on theatrical entertainments, that gentleman deserves high praise for the spirited manner in which he has brought this question before parliament;† and the debate on his motion enjoys the singular distinction of having—in connexion with a comparatively trivial subject—given rise to more difference and positive alienation amongst the customary supporters of a noble lord, than even any debate which has taken place on graver matters. This is doubtless owing to the imputation of hypocrisy, which the noble lord unwisely suffered his conduct to invest with probability, by first identifying the question with the bishop of London and the cause of religion; then—on this sentiment being cordially, but unexpectedly, repudiated by the house (not without assistance, equally cordial and still more unexpected, from a chorus of the noble lord's own friends)—holding-forth an *extempore* prospect of conciliation; and lastly, on being fairly outvoted, abandoning altogether the ground thus solemnly taken up, giving check to the bishop, and announcing a

^{*} The stars move at their own free will.

† We have only to find fault with Mr. Duncombe that he gave too much of a party bearing to his question, and that he made it a handle to puff his theatre. One would suppose from his speech, that there was no patent theatre in existence at present but Drury Lane! This affair has served to amuse the continent at our expense, and, amongst other papers, we have just been reading a full report of it in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, with explanatory notes. In the latter, the natives of Augsburg are enlightened as to the meaning of the words, "*Jim Crow*," whose respectability is abominably impugned—"eine eben nicht sehr respectable englische Volksmaske." This is a national affront! Mr. Duncombe ought to call Lord Palmerston's attention to it immediately.

bill of his own to reverse the whole business—seeing that now, “in consideration of the change of custom in the observance of Lent, an alteration of the law is required as respects theatrical amusements.”

However, to use a vulgar proverb, our friends the players must not “look a gift horse in the mouth.” It is to be supposed from what has transpired, that the grievance they complain of will next year be redressed. If it is, most assuredly we are of opinion that while justice will be consulted, religion will not be disserved, by the alteration—“now required.”

THE MUSICIAN'S POETICAL COMPANION.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

No. 8.—*Mr. Edward Taylor, and old times and new; Fairfax and Spenser; Music as a popular habit, and part of education; Owen Glendower and noble musical fiction put into his mouth by Shakspeare.*

By a very inhuman chance (for it has prevented us from acknowledging a kindness) we did not see the last two numbers of the “Musical World” till the day before we write the present article, otherwise we should have responded a week ago to the welcome greeting of Mr. Edward Taylor, and thanked him for the honour he did us in hailing the love we bear to his art. We look upon a love of music, indeed, as something so essentially bound up with whatsoever is poetical—so lyrical or harp-strung a portion of its very fibres—that whenever we happen, as in the present instance, to be stimulated by some friendly voice to dare to persuade ourselves that we have some right to pretend to the name of poet, we endeavour to establish the claim in our conscience by recurring to the effects that music has on us, and to the recognised truth of some words which it has impelled us to pour forth. But the Gresham Professor (an honourable title *now*, since its duties are so ably and honourably performed) has touched on a still tenderer, and perhaps more poetical side, when he reminds us of our school days, and of our beloved blue Christ-hospital coats; for this reminds us that we had at that time of life an affection, as strong as we have now, for the very word “poet,” and that we have now, as we had then, the same identical love for whatsoever the poet talks of and loves best—for music, and books, and the green trees, and the skies, and love itself, and friendship. Nor is this *mere* talk or interchange of compliments, as some inharmonious natures might think it, who have no chords in their fibres that thrill at a genuine greeting, no room in their narrow souls for “Auld Lang Syne” itself to shake hands in. (The public intercourse, it must be confessed, of English men of letters, in *modern* times, wants a little expansion in this respect, a little more opening of heart and good faith towards one another, and less dread of having a companionable sympathy confounded with its egotistical reverse; and we are rejoiced to see that the Professor, for one, speaks out like a man). Our whole life would have been one of the most preposterous of falsehoods, if it had not been of a piece in this matter from first to last; nor among the thousands and millions of sincere-hearted men that exist (for we have no notion of confining the number to those strangest of all egotists, who see in their own claims to truth nothing but a disproof of those of all the rest of their fellow-creatures!)—we say that among the multitudes of honestly-intentioned men, who think themselves in earnest, and are so, we are much inclined to suspect that four heartier *future* endeavourers after what is good and musical for mankind were never thrown together in their youth, than in the instance of that unconscious quartett, of which the Professor made one, in the printing-office he speaks of. How pleasant to believe that, whatever four such casual meeters may have seen and suffered in the interim, they still love what they did then—have succeeded, from their respective points of view, in *seeing the world move*, and have a right to say to one another towards the grey evening of life as in the green morning, “Ah! is that you after all this lapse of years?”

and so shake hands, till younger ones admire the vigour and tempest of their grip.

As to what the Professor says of the passages in Spenser and Tasso, we love conversational criticism of this sort in periodicals, and think it a pity that it is rarely to be found except among the enthusiastic antiquaries of the magazine devoted to their special pursuit (the "Gentleman's"). It is a custom very befitting gentlemen of all pursuits, and we shall here say a word or two accordingly upon his quotation from Fairfax. It is a curious circumstance that Spenser should have taken some of his "Bower of Bliss" from Tasso, and modulated the beauty of some of the music of it after that of the Italian poet, and then that Fairfax, the translator of Tasso, should have taken up Spenser, and modulated parts of his version of the Italian after the English; thus restoring, as it were, to the original, the plunder of that "celestial thief," (as Sir Walter Raleigh called him). See what the commentators say on this subject in Todd's edition of Spenser, particularly as to the description of the two damsels bathing (book II., canto 12,) which is imitated from Tasso, and in his version of the original of which, Upton says that Fairfax "had plainly Spenser before him." Then comes Milton and borrows both from Fairfax and Tasso; and so the "celestial thievery" goes on, always justifiable and delightful, provided the "stolen sweets" receive some addition of sweetness.

Fairfax writes with such a relish of things musical whenever he mentions them, that we have no doubt whatever he was an ardent lover of music. But who was not in those days, till puritanism came and found out that one of the loveliest of God's gifts was to be despised? an irreligious proposition which they had great difficulty, however, in palming upon those that truly adorned their sect, and failed in doing with the strongest intellects, including not only the poetical Milton, but the great rugged prose, Cromwell, who had an organ secretly set up at Hampton Court, and used to send for some acquaintance of his (we forget his name) who had a fine bass voice, to sing to him. Puritanism helped to effect a great good, but did much evil by the way, which we doubt not will be converted into some greater amount of good also than would otherwise take place, at least so speedily. We live, however, within the fume of many of its dreary clouds still, and one of the voices which that shadow has comparatively silenced is the prevalence of singing and playing musical instruments among the *male* sex. The female, with its readier instinct after a pleasant truth, has been beforehand with its revival, as a thing "common and popular." Every young lady plays on a pianoforte; but formerly every gentleman, it would seem, could play on his flute or guitar, or take his part in a glee. And this custom went much farther back than we are apt to suppose, even to the establishment of what it is now proposed to set up as a novelty (and an admirable novelty it would be—indeed, it has already in some few instances taken place) the teaching of music as a part of education. (Nobody will suppose, by the way, that in remarks like these we are pretending to give musical professors any information. Far be such absurdity from us! We are only comparing notes with our musical friends in general). As long as poetry indeed was sung or chanted (which it was, perhaps, till the complete establishment of the invention of printing) it was impossible entirely to divorce singing from popular habit. What is a reader now, was a singer then; and *à fortiori* the poet was inevitably something of a musician. Not Greeks or Romans alone sang to the lyre, nor even the singing troubadour. Petrarch modulated the versification of his sonnets upon a lute; that is to say, not only sung them to it, but tried and perfected them *by* it. There are memorandums of his extant proving as much. (See Ugo Foscolo's volume of "Essays" upon him.) And, if we are not mistaken, he invented some of the most favourite airs or recitatives, or whatever they were, to which the sonnets were sung by others. The stanzas of Tasso were chanted by the gondoliers of Venice almost up to our own time. This practice would keep up some popular connexion with music up to the period we spoke of; and (to judge from a passage in the very curious and ample "Pictorial History of England" now publishing) we no sooner come to the era of the art of printing, than we hear of music as a part of education. It is really painful to meet with such passages as the following, and compare, in this respect, the times of Queen Victoria with those of

Henry the Sixth. Mr. Reeves, in his *History of English Law*, "gives from Fortescue," says the work just mentioned, "the following curious and not unimportant information respecting the students of the inns of court about this time:—A student could not reside in the inns of court for less than twenty-eight pounds per annum, and proportionably more if he had a servant, as most of them had. For this reason, the students of the law were generally sons of persons of quality. Knights, barons, and the greatest nobility of the kingdom often placed their children here, not so much to make the laws their study, as to form their manners, and to preserve them from the contagion of vicious habits; for, says the same author, all vice was there discountenanced and banished, and *everything good and virtuous was taught there*—music, dancing, singing, history, sacred and profane, and other accomplishments."

"In connexion with the subject of the inns of court," (adds the *Pictorial History*) "a curious fact may be here mentioned on the authority of Barrington:—Owen Glendower's real name was *Vaughan*, and he was originally a barrister of the Middle Temple. He thus furnishes another example, in addition to those of Cromwell, Ireton, and others, of men turning from the study of English law to an occupation apparently very different, and attaining great distinction therein."

—*Pictorial History of England*, Vol. II., p. 164.

And again—"Though rude the music and rough the instruments, the art, in its infant state, was practised by every person of rank and all who had received an education then called liberal. *The hero of Agincourt was a devoted admirer of church music, and a performer on the organ.* His accomplished contemporary, James the First of Scotland, was remarkable for his skill on the same instrument. *Ecclesiastical music was studied by the youths at the universities with a view to the attainment of degrees as bachelors and doctors in that faculty or science which generally secured preferment.* In 1463 Thomas Saintvex (or Saintwix) Musical Doctor, was made Provost of King's College, Cambridge, by Henry the Sixth, its founder."—*Pictorial History*, Vol. II., p. 233.

During our perusal of this new history of our native country, we have acquired a great respect for the character of Owen Glendower, who was a genuine patriot, soldier, and prince; and if we could be sorry at anything that Shakspeare did, should regret that he had not taken sufficient care to avoid confounding the vulgar notion of his pretensions to music with his own personal claims. Owen may have made use of the popular feeling on that point; and as he had the art beyond all men of keeping up his country's hopes, he very likely had the sanguine enthusiastic manner which Shakspeare has suffered to grow up into an overweening caricature for the exercise of the splenetic banter of Hotspur. Yet even under this cloud of doubtful truth, and even quackery, what prodigiously fine things does he not make him say! and above all, what a magnificent pretence he has put into his mouth on the subject of music! The barrister by education, and prince by victory and worth, had probably reputation in Shakspeare's time for adding music to his other "accomplishments," agreeably to what he had been taught in the "inns of court." The poet, indeed, expressly makes him say that he had composed verses for music; perhaps had both composed and set them, as was the wont of a great minstrel. His words are, that he had—

"framed to the harp
Many an English ditty."

But hear, at all events, how Shakspeare makes him speak of music. Glendower is advising Hotspur to calm his impatience while the paper of conditions between them is being drawn up, by laying his head on his wife's lap and hearing her sing:—

"She bids you on the rushes lay you down
And rest your gentle head upon her lap,
And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,
And on your eyelids crown the god of sleep,
Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness;
Making such difference 'twixt wake and sleep,
As is the difference betwixt day and night,
*The hour before the heavenly-harness'd team
Begins his golden progress in the east."*

That is to say, there is as much difference between *ordinary* sleep and awake, and sleep and awake *while listening to music*, as there is between a common dawning of the day, and one that has gold in it stealing out of the heavens. But now for the magnificent fiction we spoke of:—

Hotspur.—With all my heart, I'll sit and hear her sing,
By that time will our book, I think, be drawn.

Glendower.—Do so;

And those musicians that shall play to you,

HANG IN THE AIR A THOUSAND LEAGUES FROM HENCE;

And straight they shall be here.

Now granting that Shakspeare intended this for one of the most enormous and palpable of lies (and did not rather mean to represent Owen as a real magician, as he did in the case of Joan of Arc—another noble creature who has a right to quarrel with him), what an amazingly fine fiction it is, and how worthy of Shakspeare himself! Here is a cloud of invisible musicians hanging in the air, “a thousand leagues” off, that is to say three thousand miles, somewhere (not to interfere with the main American land) down in the Atlantic, towards Cape Horn. But supposing us to sail near their enchanted air, *are they invisible?* or may we not (if our eyes be gifted enough) rather just discern them up aloft, hanging somewhat like a dim cluster of bees in the noon-tide, a mile higher than the lark reaches? and if we listen, may we not hear them dimly sounding a numerous music, like what we might suppose to be that of some star inhabited by none but musicians, and so diffusing downwards a soft, trembling sound over the waters, analogous to quivering beams of light, and making the boats thereabouts hush along with mixed fear and rapture?

At all events Shakspeare has enabled us to see that vision, and to hear those sounds. There they are, *for ever*, hanging in that region of the Atlantic, except when Glendower, or you, the reader, choose to call them; and we shall all agree, that if Glendower was no magician, *he was*, and so are all they, poets or musicians, who can thus hang the air with beauty.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FESTIVALS.

We confess we insert the following letter grudgingly, as being opposed *toto calo* to the views which the writer appears to advocate, and we only do insert it because we are informed that it has been refused by other papers on grounds thought by the writer to be unjust to himself and inconsistent with professions of impartiality in public discussion. Professing this impartiality ourselves, we wish not to be chargeable with excluding from our pages any reasonable representation of views opposed to our own, however widely and diametrically; and, as for novelty of opinion, we rather court it. But we certainly make room with some reluctance for what appears to us to be so little calculated to meet with sympathy from our readers, or to spread correct opinions in connexion with the subject discussed. The writer we know to be a clever and intelligent man, but he seems to us to regard this subject from a point of view equally fallacious and eccentric; and his observations are so unqualified that many readers might construe them into an advocacy of the principle of stagnation in music, which he certainly would not desire. The public taste, as we said in the course of some remarks last week, must certainly be *led* as well as followed, and may be both led and followed at the same time; indeed, with the greatest amount of advantage—on the same principle that we gain a concession most easily from another person by making some concession ourselves. As for the party to whom praise is due for the advancement of public taste, whether the public itself, or the caterers for the public, it seems to us an idle discussion; like all other compound progressions, the one in question is made, not by a single agent or power, but by each in turn;—

“*altera sic res,
Alterius poscit opem.*”

The front and hind wheels of a carriage might as well dispute which went the fastest. We suspect that the failure of the Vocal Concerts was ascribable to other causes than their "judicious management" and "unexceptionable selections." Judicious and unexceptionable we believe them to have been; what we do not believe is, that there is that fatality in excellence which our correspondent imagines. To believe, it would be as absurd as sad. How would our correspondent explain the success of the Classical Quartett Concerts? We have not time to enter further into the subject. There is, according to our notion, a certain portion of truth in the statement made below, and no more; and we wish justice had been done to that, without impairing its force by so much that we consider gratuitous and erroneous.—ED. M. W.

SIR,—The choral societies and provincial festivals are undoubtedly to be reckoned among the most remarkable musical phenomena of the day, although many errors exist not only in the causes which have originated them, but on their probable effect on musical taste of the age, errors which have led to endless mismanagement in the conduct of the festivals, and which, if not corrected, will speedily be fatal to some of them.

A few weeks ago I observe you have the following remark on the meetings at Exeter Hall.

"The general progress in musical taste to be effected by the Exeter Hall Society, as they themselves advance towards perfection, is incalculable."

This is the common fallacy of mistaking effect for cause. Music meetings and musical societies are but one of the effects of the spirit of inquiry and thirst for knowledge which characterise the age. They are experiments on the temper of the public mind, and must as obviously depend for success on the previous state of public feeling, as the railroads on the existing demand for the benefits of the steam-engine. Hence to call music meetings the cause of the progress of taste, is to say that the steam-engine is the cause, and not the effect of the law of nature from which it has sprung; and for any re-action which these societies may have on the feeling which originates them, this can at most be no more than that which every bookseller must have on the demand for information on which he trades; yet to hear the projectors and supporters of these societies, one would think that a niche in Westminster Abbey, among England's heroes and benefactors, must be their very least claim on the public gratitude. The Philharmonic Society will afford us a good example of this sort of idle vaunting. It would take very little to show, notwithstanding all that has been said of the vast impetus it has given to the taste for instrumental music, that had the society been formed fifteen years before its actual establishment, it would not have stood the most remote chance of success. The truth is briefly this:—Towards the end of the last century, Haydn and Mozart by the talismanic touch of their genius, dissolved the fetters which the learned pedantry of ages had imposed on music, and like all great innovators were received with indifference by the public, and denounced by the professional empirics of the day. In a few years the crust of prejudices begins as usual to be broken through, the truth by degrees becomes manifest, and nature gradually assumes her empire. Meantime Haydn's symphonies are introduced in the subordinate character of *act-music* at the theatres, an experiment which did more in five years for the diffusion of taste, than the Philharmonic Society will do in fifty, for this introduction of Haydn at the theatres could be tried from year to year with little or no risk to those establishments, whereas a society set up at an enormous expense for the express performance of this music, must obviously depend for its very existence on immediate and complete success. The public mind being thus prepared the society is organised and of course succeeds, when forthwith the projectors (one half of whom may have possibly been among the original denouncers of Haydn) begin bowing to each other as great public instructors. If any further proof were wanting that these societies are but the offspring of the taste they pretend to lead, it may be found in the late failure of the Vocal Concert. This society after struggling on for four or five years to the great injury of all connected with it, has sunk for want of public support, although by all accounts the management was judicious throughout, and the selections unexceptionable. Here it must seem that the public was not quite so docile a pupil as it had been to the projectors of the Philharmonic.

Though the general reader might with justice say, that he do not need to be reminded of such obvious and common-place truisms, the case is far different with the ruling powers at the festivals; of practical and experienced men of business (the only fit persons to form the majority on the committees) there are no such persons but must be at once aware of the necessity of so adapting the selections to the motley tastes of the subscribers, as to produce the greatest sum of gratification to the largest number of persons. But had this very simple rule been attended to, is it credible that such scenes could have taken place as have repeatedly occurred of late in the

concert rooms at these meetings? At Manchester and Hereford the weariness and impatience of the audience barely stopped short of an interruption to the performance. At Hereford the cathedral on the first morning was nearly empty, and no wonder, for the regular church service was engrafted on the performances, as if people would pay large sums of money to be present at that which they could hear every week for nothing. Then followed an evening concert three hours long, which to be sure was well attended for the sake of the ball which came after it. That the audience should have endured the trying ordeal of three hours classical music on such an occasion, without breaking into open mutiny, was certainly creditable to their patience, whatever the taste which called for its exercise; but all who have read the accounts of the concerts there as well as elsewhere, must be abundantly satisfied, that to compel people to listen for hours to what is above their comprehension, is not to improve their taste, but only to weary and disgust them, to take the best possible method to prevent them from subscribing again, and thus frustrate the objects which the advocates of such proceedings affect to have in view. To anticipate any other ultimate result is the idlest mistake in the world. As for the hospitals, they would seem to be the very last things in the thoughts of the clerical rulers of the festivals. What with their pulpit oratory and their excellent management, they certainly seem to think (not to speak it profanely) that the glory of God is not promoted by leaving wretches with shattered limbs the least possible chance of relief from the hand of public charity. The pulpits at Birmingham last year absolutely rang with denunciations of the festival, although it was well known that the county infirmary derived its chief support from the proceeds, and that the hospital moreover was much in debt.

Cant and empiricism have hitherto been the damning spots on the management of these concerts. They must "out" or it will be vain to look for the permanent establishment of these music meetings in the provinces. The balls are at present their main support, except perhaps at Birmingham, where a better taste prevails. The direction should obviously be placed in the hands of experienced men of business, assisted by one or two professors of acknowledged talent, engaged for the purpose. To suppose that the reputation of these professors can be hurt by their conforming to the prevailing tastes, whatever they may be, is an utter mistake, because it is evident that nothing but mischief can result from a contrary course. The fallacies on this subject remind one of the pleasant story of the schoolmaster, who caused all his pupils of six years old and upwards, to read *Paradise Lost* among their daily tasks, by way of making them great literary characters. Yours, &c.

AN AMATEUR.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Sir Being a constant reader of your musical journal, and having always observed that you take every opportunity of ridiculing the *nonsense* which is so usual in newspapers, regarding musical affairs (but which nonsense is at the same time highly injurious to many musical professors, owing to the credulity of the public), I beg to call your attention to a criticism (?) on a piece of music *which was never performed*.

On Monday, Feb. 4th, an air with variations, composed by myself, which you* praised highly in your journal (No. 51, page 165, March 3rd, 1837), was to have been played by Mr. Hatton, at the concert of British Musicians; but owing to his suffering under a sudden attack of rheumatism, it was unavoidably omitted, and an apology made to the audience by the conductor for the evening (Mr. H. Griesbach), explaining the cause.

On the following Sunday (Feb. 10th), in a weekly newspaper entitled "*The Era*," was the following criticism (?) "Mr. Hatton played some intolerable rubbish on the violoncello, composed by *one Bonner*." Now, as the solo was *not performed at all*, and the remark was likely to do me much injury, I wrote a letter of remonstrance to the editor, which caused the following *gentlemanly* reply in his next paper (Feb. 17th):—"Concert of British Musicians.—In our notice of this concert last week, we expressed an unfavourable opinion of *certain doings* on the violoncello, by Mr. Hatton, from the score of Mr. Bonner. Now, it so happened that this *criminality* was not perpetrated at all! The explanation is, that being unable to attend the concert ourselves, and yet *wishing well to the Society*, we employed a friend as a substitute, who, having heard the variations in question last season, or the season before, and made up his mind as to their merits, left the room to take some refreshment at the time appointed for them in the programme. To say the truth, we were the more willing to take the critique upon trust, as we had ourselves heard them without receiving any favourable impression of their merits."

Now, the solo in question has not (as I said before) been *ever* played in public; it has

* Not the present one—although we have no doubt the composition of our correspondent was deserving of the praise it received. Ed. M.W.

only been performed at a private trial and rehearsal of the British Musicians (to neither of which are the public on any account admitted).

I trust, therefore, that you will notice the above facts in your musical journal, and in doing so, you will much oblige, sir, your obedient servant,
16, Bridge Row, Pimlico, 13th March.

HENRY W. BONNER.

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE. METROPOLITAN.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.—The directors pertinaciously adhere to their established practice of commencing with Beethoven, the impolicy of which we again repeat cannot be too severely censured. The inaccuracies of the wind instruments in the two first movements probably would not have occurred had the performers enjoyed the advantage of getting their lips in better condition, and their instruments warmed, by playing music in which their employment is less conspicuous. We should be churlish critics not to say that portions of the *sinfonia* were excellently performed; perhaps never so well in this country. The distinct articulation of the drums on the unaccented parts in the first allegro, the burst of the wind instruments with a chord of 6-4 on the Dominant in the opening and termination of the andante, the beautiful contrast of light and shade in the announcement of its subject with violas and basses, and the continued spirit of the first and second violins in the working up of passages of imitation in the last allegro, were admirably effective, and by far the best features of the execution. The andante narrowly escaped an encore. The transition from the *minor* key to the 6-4 of the dominant in the relative *major*, in the subject of the andante, in conjunction with the stately progressions of the double-basses, violoncellos, and violas, in plain counterpoint, never fails to create an universal sensation of pleasure throughout the audience, and forcibly asserts the power of a great mind achieving the most splendid triumphs of art by the most simple means. The *morceau* in the major tone, with its undulating triplets of accompaniments, its pedal bass *pizzicati*, and overwhelming effect of *crescendo*, did not escape our admiration; add to these the fugue (which by the bye was checked rather abruptly at the onset by a stamp of the leader's foot), and we have pointed out more original and beautiful conceptions in this one andante than are to be found in all the emanations of modern Germany.

The scena from *Faust*, most unfairly pruned of its opening symphony and a portion of its recitative, is one of the few vocal compositions of Spohr which we always hear with increased delight at each repetition. With the exception of a slight tendency to soar a little above the exact line of a perfect intonation, Miss Rainforth, in every other respect fully realized the expectations we formed of her on her *debut* at these concerts, in a composition employing the entire range of two octaves, and abounding with difficult passages.

Moscheles is becoming a disciple of the romantic school, and eschews the beaten track to seek new scenes. The only question in our minds is, whether the pianoforte is to be considered the properest agent for depicting those characteristic scenes of *Bergeries* which are here attempted? In the instrumentation for the orchestra there was, as there never fails to be in Mr. Moscheles' concertos, much that we relished; and there is doubtless much more that will compensate us on a re-hearing. We do not institute a comparison between this effort of the fancy, and the earlier productions of Moscheles, because the character of the work is altogether different; but we do not hesitate to say that this concerto-pastorale, in spite of what we heard denominated *eccentricities*, is replete with excellent effect and masterly writing. The duetto was satisfactorily sung. If Miss Masson were endowed with a voice capable to effect all she so well conceives of her author, she would deservedly be the most popular, as she is the most accomplished English singer of the day. Weber's overture was highly applauded by the audience; the spirited execution of the latter part made amends for the discordant and slovenly manner in which the horns and trombones played the episodic melody after the pause. More importance should be attached to the *ensemble* of these brass instruments so lavishly employed

in Weber's scoring; it is not sufficient that they play the notes, and in tune, but they should sustain with expression such phrases of rich harmony as occur in the Ruler of the Spirits.

The fresh and charming melodies which abound in Haydn's *sinfonia*, letter T, give it a preference to most of his earlier productions. Herr David, whose visit to this country we some time ago anticipated, deserves honourable mention. He is a young man, apparently about twenty-eight years of age, a brother of Madame Dulcken's, and a pupil of Spohr's. His tone is most pure, his cantabile expressive, and his intonation perfect, and his bowing such as all English players should endeavour to imitate. His composition—well adapted to exhibit the powers of the violin—fully justifies us in pronouncing it the work of a scholar and a musician of genius. The audience exhibited more than its wonted intelligence in its applause, and we trust that Herr David has no reason to complain of our not being a musical nation, or not disposed to award praise to great and highly cultivated talent. Loder's anxiety for the well-going of the band, merits acknowledgment.

MOSCHELES' MATINEES OF CLASSICAL PIANOFORTE MUSIC.—The series of these interesting and instructive performances, than which nothing in actual music is more delightful, closed on Thursday last, to the regret of all the well-informed and serious lovers of the art. Mr. Moscheles commenced by an introduction, toccata and gigue in G minor—the work of a composer whose acquaintance few will have made, unless in a biographical dictionary, or a musical history—Mondonville. That this man, however, possessed exquisite feeling for his art, was evident from the expressive harmony and beautiful modulation of the introduction. A new name has most deservedly been rescued from obscurity; all who heard this specimen of Mondonville will desire a more extensive acquaintance with his productions. The first of the two fugues by Reicha which followed had merit;—all hearers were struck by the judicious and effective modulation that introduced the final cadence. The fugue composed on the subject of Mozart's symphony in D (the one beginning in unison) was unfortunate in the associations that it raised. It is always a dangerous attempt in geniuses of the second order to wield the arms of those who belong to the first; and the subjects of a Mozart, when elevated beyond himself in the symphony, are not often well or happily selected as themes for counterpoint. We esteem the late Paris Professor rather for what he designed than what he accomplished, in this particular instance. One of the happiest extemporisers of the day participated in the feeling that we have expressed respecting the subjects of Mozart. When offered one he declined it on the score of the utter impossibility of making such things increase in interest. In the minds of inferior mortals they "bate and dwindle," become—

"Fine by degrees and beautifully less."

The first fugue and prelude in Clementi's *Grados* followed:—the parts articulated with admirable accent and smoothness. It is truly wonderful, when in this "bound music"—as the Germans call the fugued style, from its abundance of ligatures and holding and moving notes simultaneously in operation—one is not in the least sensible of any weakness or natural imperfection in the fingers, and such is eminently the case in the performance of Moscheles. There cannot be a finer test of the development of the mechanical power of the human hand, than in this sort of fugue playing. The specimens of Martini appeared to be inveterately stiff and old-fashioned. The learned Abbate was a good, worthy man, and a generous friend to the Mozart family in evil times; but let his harpsichord, and, indeed, all other compositions, sleep with his bones—the world will lose nothing. After a very poor song from Hummel's *Matilda*—but sung in good style by Mrs. H. Burnet—we heard, for the first time, a grand sonata of four movements by Beethoven, op. 106. We imagine this to be one of the late ones published by Cramer & Co., who have recently added largely to the existing numbers of this important work. It would be idle presumption to pronounce on such a sonata at a single hearing; more especially as the attention was frequently distracted by the wonderful difficulties of execution—extravagancies that out-heroded Herod—overcome by the performer. We can however say, that if it be

any test of excellence to preserve the sense of hearing, in an almost painful state of activity, from the commencement to the end—making every one wonder what would come next; and now and then intermixing, though in wild, abstracted, *other-world* sort of style, genuine beauties of modulation, or melodious phrase, that touched the feelings;—if such be a test of excellence—then there is much to be developed by a full and perfect acquaintance with this work. Miss Hawes transposed the bass song in B minor, in Mendelssohn's Paul, "O God! have mercy," and sung it in a very charming manner. The contralto of this singer is now in the highest perfection: a better voice of its kind, a truer conception of music, a nicer execution of well chosen, though sparing, ornament cannot be found. We have a singular esteem for the musical powers of Miss Hawes—who, since we first heard her, has made an astonishing progress. The concertante duet for piano and clarinet of Weber, op. 47., exhibited much fine playing by Moscheles and Wilman, wasted on indifferent music. We were entirely disappointed in the quality of this production.

At the opening of the second part, Mr. Moscheles performed two of his characteristic studies. Miss Woodyatt sung Cherubini's Ave Maria with a due conception of its elevated character. To this succeeded a concerto MS., in D major, by Sebastian Bach, with which we confess disappointment. The principal instrument in the first and last movements had little effect; and the old fashioned accompaniment for stringed instruments, played in a horribly *scratchy* manner, did not superinduce a charm. The middle movement in B minor was, however, excellent; it contained an expressive melody—graceful effects of the solo instrument—and altogether a *modernity* sufficient to vindicate the ever youthful genius of the great Sebastian Bach, from his very unusual attack of the peruke. Mr. A. Novello sang the fine scene of Purcell—Ye twice ten hundred Deities. His conception and execution of this arduous piece, as we have heard him perform it on several occasions, are highly meritorious. The concert concluded with Hommage à Handel—the celebrated duet for two pianos of Moscheles, performed by himself and Benedict.

We have so frequently remarked on the character and objects of these delightful matineés, that we shall, for the present, take our leave of them, by expressing a hope that they may promote the cause of good taste, and the advancement of the art throughout the country.

POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—Mr. T. Philipps is delivering a course of six lectures on Vocal Music at the above Institution, interspersed with numerous illustrations. The first lecture took place on Monday evening last, and was chiefly occupied in generalities relating to what is now called "vocalization." The next lecture, which takes place on the 25th instant, will be devoted to the florid and oratorical styles in singing; the remainder at intervals of a week each.

ISLINGTON LITERARY INSTITUTION.—A classical concert, being the second, was given in the theatre belonging to this institution, on Friday the 15th inst., and was attended by about three hundred persons. Several quintets, quartets, &c., were performed by Messrs. Mori, Tolbecque, Hill, Lindley, and Howell; and the latter three gave a trio of Corelli's, which was encored. The vocalists were Miss Birch, Miss Dolby and Parry jun., who sung compositions by Mozart, Handel, Weber, Spohr, &c., with great success. Mr. Benedict presided at the pianoforte. The committee sent Mr. Mori a letter of thanks, for the selection which he had made, and complimented him and the rest of the artists, vocal and instrumental, on the excellent manner in which it was performed.

ROYAL ACADEMY CONCERTS.—Five compositions, new to London audiences, will be performed at the Concert of the Academy of Music, on Saturday morning; namely—an overture by Berlioz; a motett, for soprano voices, by Mendelssohn; a sextett, for pianoforte, violin, two violas, violoncello, and double bass, by Bertini; a sacred cantata, by Spohr (from which the duett sung at the first Philharmonic Concert was taken), and a Madrigal by old Palestrina.

MELODISTS.—Messrs. E. Schulz, Willman, G. Cooke, and T. Wright, have been invited to dine with the Melodists' Club on the 28th inst.; so that the members may anticipate a great instrumental treat as well as a vocal one. The Club will give a prize, in the course of the season, to the composer of the best approved song; the words to be selected by himself.

QUADRILLE AND CONCERT INSTITUTE.—This is a society consisting of picked fiddlers and others of the Musard school, or, as the bill that has been sent us says, of “the elite of the QUADRILLE PROFESSION.” This, therefore, is a *profession* at last! Well, we should be glad to know where all this dancing is to dance us to! We seem to have contracted a new *Gallomania*. The above worshipful company are giving “public rehearsals” at the Hanover Square Rooms, and are not to consummate the objects of their professional incorporation (will this do?) until Easter, when they break forth into the full glory of Tinney and Strauss, and become concert givers. The second of these public rehearsals took place yesterday at two o’clock. Success to the “Quadrille Institute!” We expect, next, to receive a copy of the charter of a *Waltz University*, or a Society for the Propagation of Jig-tunes.

PROVINCIAL.

[This department of the Musical World is chiefly compiled and abridged from the provincial press, and from the letters of our country correspondents. The Editors of the M. W. are therefore not responsible for any matter of opinion it may contain, beyond what their own editorial signature is appended to.]

LINCOLN.—Mr. Skelton gave his first Subscription Concert on the 4th inst., which was exceedingly well attended. Several overtures were very creditably played by an efficient orchestra, and Mr. G. J. Skelton gave a fantasia of Czerney’s on the pianoforte, in a very clever manner. Some glees were nicely sung by members of the choir. The principal singers were Miss Fanny Wyndham and Mr. Parry, jun., who, if we may judge by the applause and *encores*, must have afforded the highest gratification to the company.

HULL.—The Choral Society gave a concert on the 6th inst. in the Music Hall, which was crowded to excess. A full orchestra performed a symphony of Beethoven’s, also overtures by Auber, Kuffner, Lindpaintner, &c., in a very spirited manner. Several chorusses were sung with excellent effect. The London auxiliaries were Miss Fanny Wyndham, and Mr. Parry, jun., who sung two duets, both of which were *encored*. Miss Wyndham was called upon to repeat “The Hunter Boy,” and she gave “O Araby,” and the ballad of “Coralie,” with great success. Mr. Parry, jun. sung with much taste, Lord Burghersh’s elegant song of “Bendemeer’s Stream,” and he repeated his father’s song of “Jenny Jones,” also the “Buffo Trio,” at the boisterous call of the whole room. Mr. Skelton, the conductor, did ample justice to a fantasia of Czerney’s on the pianoforte; and the performance altogether gave the greatest satisfaction.

MANCHESTER.—On Friday, the 8th, a Subscription Concert was given in the splendid Music Hall at Manchester, and was attended by upwards of twelve hundred persons. A very full band, led by Mr. Seymour, formerly of the Royal Academy of Music, played Weber’s overture to Oberon, and Mendelssohn’s *Meerestille* air in a good style, Mr. William Lindley being the principal violoncello. Mr. Richardson, from London, performed two solos on the flute, in a most brilliant manner; he was obliged to repeat the second. The singers were Mrs. Toulmin, Miss F. Wyndham, Mr. Bennett, and Mr. Parry, jun., who sung a variety of songs, duets, glees, &c. with great success.

Attwood’s elegant trio, “In peace love turns,” was loudly *encored*, it was sung by Mrs. Toulmin, Miss Wyndham, and Mr. Parry, jun., the latter playing upon the harp: the other accompaniments were pianoforte, flute, two violoncellos, and two horns, and the combined effect was extremely beautiful. Perhaps there is no town in the kingdom where music is better encouraged than at Manchester, concerts being frequently given on a very extensive scale, regardless of expense; and scarcely a singer or performer of eminence who visits this country, returns to the Continent without being engaged at the Manchester concerts. The town of Birmingham too, deserves to be honourably mentioned, as giving scarcely less encouragement to the science of sweet sounds.

CHILTERNHAM.—The *Fourth and Last Chamber Concert* took place on Saturday evening, and though not quite so numerously attended as the two previous ones of the series, was yet honoured with the presence of a number of the most influential resident families, as well as a fair “complement” of strangers. Mr. and Mrs. Edmunds were both in excellent voice, and gave the various songs, &c., assigned them in the scheme in a very effective and musician-like manner. Signor Borani sustained his high place in public favour in all he undertook, “coming off” with “flying colours.” Miss Sullivan, Mr. Frost, and the “instrumentals,” ably led by Mr. Binfield, acquitted themselves as on former occasions, with credit to themselves and much to the satisfaction of the company—nor must we omit to offer a tribute of well-merited praise to Pio Gianchetti, the conductor

of this, as of each of the previous three performances. On the present occasion, he executed one of his uncle Dussek's charming concertos in a style worthy the composition—greater praise even Dussek's nephew need not aspire to.

WINDSOR.—On Thursday evening last, an excellent concert was given in the Town Hall, by the Windsor and Eton Amateur Musical Society. The first part consisted of a very judicious selection from the Messiah; the second part a miscellaneous selection of modern music from the most popular compositions of Rossini, Webbe, Mehul, &c. &c. The principal vocalists were Miss Rainsforth and Mr. Hobbs, and Messrs. Young, French, and Vines. Our limits will not allow us to dwell on each particular piece, yet we must not omit to say that, in the opening of the Messiah, "Comfort ye my people," the taste and judgment of Mr. Hobbs were, as usual, conspicuous. Miss Rainsforth is making rapid advances in her professional career, and in the beautiful air, "But thou didst not leave his soul in hell," (which she sang very chastely) her voice and manner forcibly reminded the audience of Miss Stephens. In the second part, Webbe's charming glee, "Come, live with me, and be my love," was honoured with an encore. It was exceedingly well sung by Messrs. Young, Hobbs, and French. The band (which had its full number of efficient wind, as well as stringed, instruments) was ably led by Mr. William Cranmer, who also distinguished himself by his performance of a fantasia on the violin, with which the audience were greatly delighted. His tone is good, and his execution neat. With his talent, he has only to follow the example of his father, in public and in private, and, by so doing, he will contribute his part towards rendering that name permanent which has been so popular amongst us for the last half century. The concert was conducted by Mr. Elvey.

LIVERPOOL.—Two grand choral performances will be given at the Royal Amphitheatre in this town, on the evenings of Monday and Wednesday next week, from the works of Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, &c., on the same scale as the Subscription Concerts. Mr. Hermann will lead, and amongst the principal vocalists we perceive the names of Miss Bireh, Miss M. B. Hawes, Mr. Bennett, and Mr. H. Phillips. The chorus is to be chiefly selected from the Festival Choral Society.

READING.—Mr. Venua's Second Chamber Concert for the season took place on the 14th instant (morning and evening) at his residence here. Mr. Venua was assisted by members of his own family, Messrs. Parry, jun., Dando, Tull, J. Banister, Vines, and H. J. Banister. Mr. Parry, jun., gratified the taste of the connoisseurs by his serious singing, and enlivened the spirits of all by his comic efforts. The most interesting section of the instrumental department was Haydn's charming movement on the theme, "God preserve the Emperor." The numerous and respectable auditory appeared highly gratified. The last concert of the series will take place on Thursday, April 11.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SUICIDE OF NOURRIT.—We regret to announce to our readers the melancholy death of this accomplished singer. The following is extracted from the *Morning Post* of this day. "Yesterday," says a letter of the 8th instant, "Nourrit had consented to perform for the benefit of one of his friends (Alvetti) the part of *Pollione* in *Norma*. After his duet with Mademoiselle Granchi a few hisses were heard, which were immediately drowned in the warmest applause from all parts of the house. Nourrit was called for; but a petty cabal had killed him. He went home. His wife overwhelmed him with her tenderness; but he tore from her, and retired to his room, where he walked up and down till three in the morning. He next drew up a will, wrote several letters, including one to his wife, and another to M. Casimir Perier, and left the house at six. Madame Nourrit, being alarmed, rose from her bed, and hastened below. A horrible sight awaited her—her husband's dead body lay, horribly mangled, upon the flags of the Barbaja Hotel yard. The unfortunate man had ascended to the fourth story, and rushed out of window."

SPLENDID CONTEMPT FOR SINGING AND THE PIANO.—What easier than to weigh and measure out, once a week, to the married men their due portions of the above articles? (ground malt and honey). Not easy, however, without your assistance, "*good lady*," and the assistance of your daughters too; and this, seeing them do this, would get them sensible and frugal husbands, to make them happy in a family of industrious children, much sooner than hearing them squall, and seeing their white fingers pattering about over the *triggers* of a piano!—*Cobbett to Farmer's Wives.*

IMPROVED DRUMS.—A pair of kettle drums, on Mr. C. Ward's new principle, has been finished and sent in for the use of her Majesty's private band.

MR. F. CRAMER.—We regret to hear of the continued indisposition of this gentleman, whose place at the Royal Academy has lately been supplied by Mr. Loder, and at the Ancient Concerts by Mr. Mori.

MRS. SALMON.—In the course of the spring a concert is intended to be got up for the benefit of this once celebrated "*cantatrice*." It was in the season of 1824 that Mrs. Salmon last sung before the public. Who is there that does not recollect her admirable delivery of Handel's "From mighty Kings."

TAMBURINI.—The question at issue between this artist and Laporte, according to a letter received this day from Paris, it appears, has nothing to do with the terms of his engagement at her Majesty's Theatre; but has reference simply to a refusal on the part of Tamburini to bind himself to remain in England after the conclusion of the season, for the purpose of "doing the provinces" without additional remuneration.

DANCING MAD.—The English have become as fond of quadrilles and waltzes, as the French. We have had four large bands fiddling away, namely, the one at the English Opera House, (which has been very successful) another on Wednesdays and Fridays, at the Crown and Anchor; Schallein (*a la Strauss*) at Willis' Rooms, and the Quadrille Institute at the Hanover-square Rooms, amounting altogether to two hundred and thirty performers!

OLE BULL, it is said, is composing a national opera, and founding a conservatorio at Christiana.

RINK, the celebrated organist, who has been forty-nine years in the service of the Court of Darmstadt, has just received the cross of a Hessian order of the first class.

THE SINGING SCHOOL at Berlin have given, during the late winter season, the following works, "St. Paul," by Elkamp; "Haydn's Creation," a Mass, by Sebastian Bach; "The Israelites in the Wilderness," by Grell; and "St. Paul," by Mendelssohn.

ENCOURAGEMENT FOR COMPOSERS.—Mercadante's opera "*Il Giuramento*," had a tristful and yet a comical fate at Triest. The first night it was hooted from the stage; the second applauded to the skies; a singular contradiction that tempts us to think both audiences were in the wrong.

PREDICAMENT OF MENDELSSOHN'S FATHER.—The celebrated composer, Felix Mendelssohn, is the grandson of the philosopher Mendelssohn. Placed in the midst between two such distinguished names, his father is reported to have said, "And what am I myself? When I was young I was only the son of Moses Mendelssohn, and now I am old, I am only the father of Felix Mendelssohn."

ERRATA.

"To err is printer's devilish, to forgive—editorial."—POPE, IMPROVED.

We had several absurd errors in our last, respecting which it is a moot point amongst us who is to blame—opinions ranging wide; some say the printer's devil, some say the editor. We say nothing. "But this we will say," that they were very provoking. In the following sentence, for example, "or" for "of" just reversed the sense (p 163); "Sisters and other ladies who do not sing for the pleasure, or very profound connoisseurs, will best please their audience," &c. Read "of." In the same page, the word "poetry" is twice printed without the article "the," before it, giving a ridiculous vagueness to the expression. Read "the." In the following page our unmusical printers (*tee*, of course, take an *ex parte* view of this matter) have made us, to our great surprise, talk of a certain policeman—"G. G."—with whom we must declare ourselves entirely unacquainted! The fact is, we intended to describe a *flat seventh*—nothing more, and in the abstrusity of our scientific knowledge, had incautiously written G with the sign of a flat after it. Our readers will have been astonished also to find—amongst our other *flat*s—a flat contradiction to the almanack in our last, in the *shape of a date*; we have reprimanded the men of type on this enormity, and have got them penitently to confess that last Thursday was the 14th of March.—Read 14th of March.

We can only console ourselves for our own errors, by charitably luxuriating in the worse mistakes of our neighbours. In the *Morning Herald* of Saturday last, for instance, it is impossible not to enjoy the fun that is made of a notice of some concert, which appears there, wherein we are introduced to a new composer of the name of "Zuber,"—a song of whose, it seems, was creditably sung by a "Miss Woodgat,"—and are moreover made acquainted, for the first time, with the musical genius of *Captain Back*! He is familiarly called "Back," by our contemporary—though, as he has recently been knighted, we believe, this makes the impropriety the greater. It would appear that the gallant captain has developed an extraordinary talent for fugue-writing since his last return from the Polar regions!

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11. Happy and blest are they (Chorus)....	2 0	<i>Lately published.</i>	
12. Consume them all..Mr. H. Phillips....	2 0	OP. 42. "AS PANTS THE HART"—the 42nd Psalm set for 4 Voices and Instruments	
13. But the Lord is mindful of His own..Mrs. A. Shaw.....	1 6	The Full Score, with English and German Text	
16. Sleepers awake (Chorus).....	1 0	The Pianoforte score.....	10 0
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ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

(Under the immediate Patronage of Her Majesty.)

THE FIRST of FOUR SUBSCRIPTION CONCERTS will take place at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Saturday Morning next, March 23rd, to commence at Two o'clock.

PART I. *Overture (Waverley), Berlioz; *Motett for treble Voices, Mendelssohn; Duett, "Vannese Alberghi," Mercadante; Concert Sturk, Piano-forte, Weber; Song (MS.) T. M. Mudie; Magnificat, Lord Burghersh; *Sestett for Piano, Violin, two Violas, Violoncello and Contra Bass, Bertini.

PART II. *Sacred Cantata, Spohr; Aria, "Non più mesta," Rossini; Concerto, Violin, Maurer; *Madrigal in five parts, "O bella Ninfa," Palestrina; Overture (Euryanthe), Weber.—Leader (in the absence of Mr. F. Cramer), Mr. Thomas; Conductor, Mr. C. Lucas. Single Tickets, 5s. Subscription Tickets for the Series, 16s., to be procured of Cramer, Regent Street; Lonsdale, Old Bond Street; Mori and Lavenue, and Chappell, New Bond Street; Collard and Co., and Keith, Cheap-side; Betts Threadneedle Street, and at the Royal Academy of Music, Tenterden Street, Hanover Square.

* First time of performance in this country.

CECILIAN SOCIETY,

Instituted 1785.

A Public Performance of JUDAH, a Sacred Oratorio, Written, Composed, and adapted to the works of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, by William Gardiner, will take place on Thursday next, at Albion Hall, Moorgate. The Band and Chorus will consist of at least One Hundred Performers, and comprise several eminent professional Performers. Organ, Mr. Peck; Conductor, Mr. Walker. Books of the Words to be had at the Rooms. To commence at Seven o'clock precisely. Tickets, 2s. each, may be had of Mr. Peck, 44, Newgate Street; Mr. Novello, Dean Street, Soho; Mr. Z. T. Purday, 45, High Holborn; or Mr. Johnson, 114, (near the Rooms) London Wall.—Members Subscription, 7s. per Quarter.

THE NEW SACRED ORATORIO

OMNIPOTENCE, Composed by Mr. Charles Hart, of the Royal Academy of Music, will be performed for the first time at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Thursday Evening, April 2nd: Principal Singers—Misses Birch, Dolby, Hart; Messrs. Bennett, Chapman, and Novello. The Band and Chorus will be numerous and complete.—Leader, Mr. Dando; Conductor, Mr. C. Hart. To commence at Eight o'clock. Tickets, Five Shillings each, to be had of the principal Music Sellers, and of Mr. C. Hart, 148, New Bond Street.

SIGNOR GIULIO REGONDI begs leave to acquaint his Friends and Pupils that he is now in Town, and will resume his Lessons on the SPANISH GUITAR, and PATENT CONCERTINA, as well as his Professional Engagements at Musical Réunions.

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